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HER FIRST SLEEPING CAR.

Gertrude: YOU'LL ENJOY THIS TRIP, AUNTIE. IT'LL BE FUN. IT'S AN AWFULLY FAST TRAIN!

Aunt Hester (who sees a gentleman opposite preparing to turn in): SAKES ALIVE! AWFULLY FAST!
WHAT WILL YOUR UNCLE SAY?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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NEXT to knowing what Mr. Kyrle Bellew has done to make him unfit to associate with the Tuxedo Parkists it would be interesting to learn what Mr. Bellew will do to Mr. Lorillard for giving him a character.

Will he "lick" the tobacconist at sight, or sue him, or corner the fall crop of wooden injuns and so wreak an awful pecuniary vengeance on his adversary.

There are difficulties about all these modes of procedure. Mr. Lorillard's and Mr. Bellew's respective engagements may be such, and the circles of society that they patronize may be so distinct, that it may be a very great while before the actor gets a sight of his enemy. They are hardly likely to meet soon again at Tuxedo; and very likely Lorillard will go without play-acting rather than go to see Bellew and Bellew will go without tobacco rather than buy of Lorillard.

Even if Bellew should prove in court that Lorillard had said he was unfit to associate with gentlemen it would be hard to get a verdict on that. If Lorillard had averred flatly that he cheated at cards, or ate with a knife, that would have been more definite, and a jury might be made to resent it. But considering how loose and various people's notions about "gentlemen" are, juries would hold such a remark as Lorillard's to be a doubtful injury. As to the scheme for cornering the wooden images probably that would be fruitless too, for Mr. Lorillard could worry along a good while on what he could make selling plug tobacco to mariners, to whom injuns are not an essential prelude to purchase.

It really looks as if, in spite of all Mr. Bellew can do, Mr. Lorillard may go unscathed, and Mr. Bellew may have to content himself with building up a character of such splendid attributes as to be beyond the shadow of reproach, and superior to the snobbish allurements of Tuxedo.

* * *

IT was the Republican National Committee that young Mr. Blaine was working for, not the Democratic Committee, as has been unkindly suggested. The rumor that

the estrangement between the young man and his wife is due to the machinations of Colonel Brice is unfounded.

THE German authorities who suppressed McKenzie's book because of its reputed slurs upon high dignitaries of the Empire should busy themselves with the report that their new emperor eats little, drinks less, and smokes cigarettes with his meals and between them. McKenzie never said anything so bitter as that even about Bismarck.

THE esteemed Presbyterians of South Carolina have been having a real parrot and monkey time over evolution, with the result that after a year of charge and counter charge, the evolutionary wing of the society is ahead, and the faithful of the Palmetto State are at liberty to accept, if they choose, the theory that their earthly tabernacles had prehensile steeples worn behind. That Presbyterians, as well as others, should have full liberty of speculation about the origin of their species is eminently desirable, and the efforts that were made by sundry presbyteries and councils to curb opinions in the matter were unworthy of the age and the continent in which they live. Where we came from and how we got here are interesting questions, and the world welcomes any light which science can throw on them. The concern of Presbyterianism, or of any other form of religion, in these questions is only secondary. Its primary lookout is to recognize that we are here, and to determine what we are going to do about it; which last depends, in the opinion of many, upon where we are going next, and how we expect to get there.

LIFE, even what we know of it, is a pretty long line, and with science working along from one end and religion from the other, it may be some time yet before they meet and blend. There is lots of room for both, and the more they don't drop their tools and rush off from their proper work to thump one another, the sooner they will be able to combine, and the less time busy people will lose in settling their difficulties. Watch and pray, ye Presbyterians! and nourish your souls, and as for the scientists—

Let them prate as they will of the sources of man—
How his tail fell away, and his trousers began;
Let them point without shame to their details of shape,
And advert to the same less pronounced in the ape.

How the husks may have grown is a good thing to know,
But the corn, after all, is the Why-they-should-grow.
The subject of husks their surmises adorn,
And it may be in time they'll acknowledge the corn.

Let us hope so!

E. S. M.



THE comedy of life has held the boards through October in spite of some eccentric weather, and not the least amusing portion of it was Bill Hohenzollern's foreign tour. This young man seems to have rubbed the Pope both ways, and to have disported himself in a generally up-and-down manner.

IT is a disgrace to this country that the price of bread can be raised at will by any conscienceless gambler who has the money and the will to do it.

A MONG the real blessings the month has brought us are Monsieur Coquelin and his Company. They are not only artists of the first order, but popular educators, in forcing Jonathan to brighten up his French.

AS for our honest, plucky and independent Mayor, allow us to remark, calmly but firmly,

HOORAY!



THE RETORT POSITIVE.

THE voice of one crying from Maine,
"Trusts are private affairs, I maintain."
But the people said, "So
Is the ballot, you know,
A private affair, Mister Blaine."

* * *

A LARGE iron spring has been discovered in the northern part of the State; it is supposed to have escaped from a Waterbury watch.

* * * * *
EDWARD: Got any money on the election?

RUFUS: None straight; only a hundred on Harrison for a place.

* * * * *
JOHNNIE (who has lately read the papers): Mr. Goldby,

do you believe in Prohibition or Free Trade?

GOLDBY: Well—er—I really don't know.

MORNING DEVOTIONS IN
PHILADELPHIA.



A CERTAIN Colonel has recently removed from his boyhood home in Kentucky. On meeting a friend from the old place he was naturally delighted and anxious to learn all the news.

"Well, everything seems to be going on about the same," said his friend.

"Well, how's Jim Bullard getting on with his saloon? Jim used to keep first-class goods, and I always predicted that he'd make a big success."

"Oh, Jim failed—went all to pieces—hadn't a dollar left."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I'm sorry to hear that. When did he fail?"

"I don't remember exactly, Colonel, but I think it was about three weeks after you moved away."



A FALL EPISODE.

Thomas Jefferson Jones: GRAN'POP, YO' BETTER NOT TIE DAT MEWL UNDER DAT TREE, 'CAUSE DE LEABES MIGHT FALL ON 'UM AN' BREAK HIS BACK.

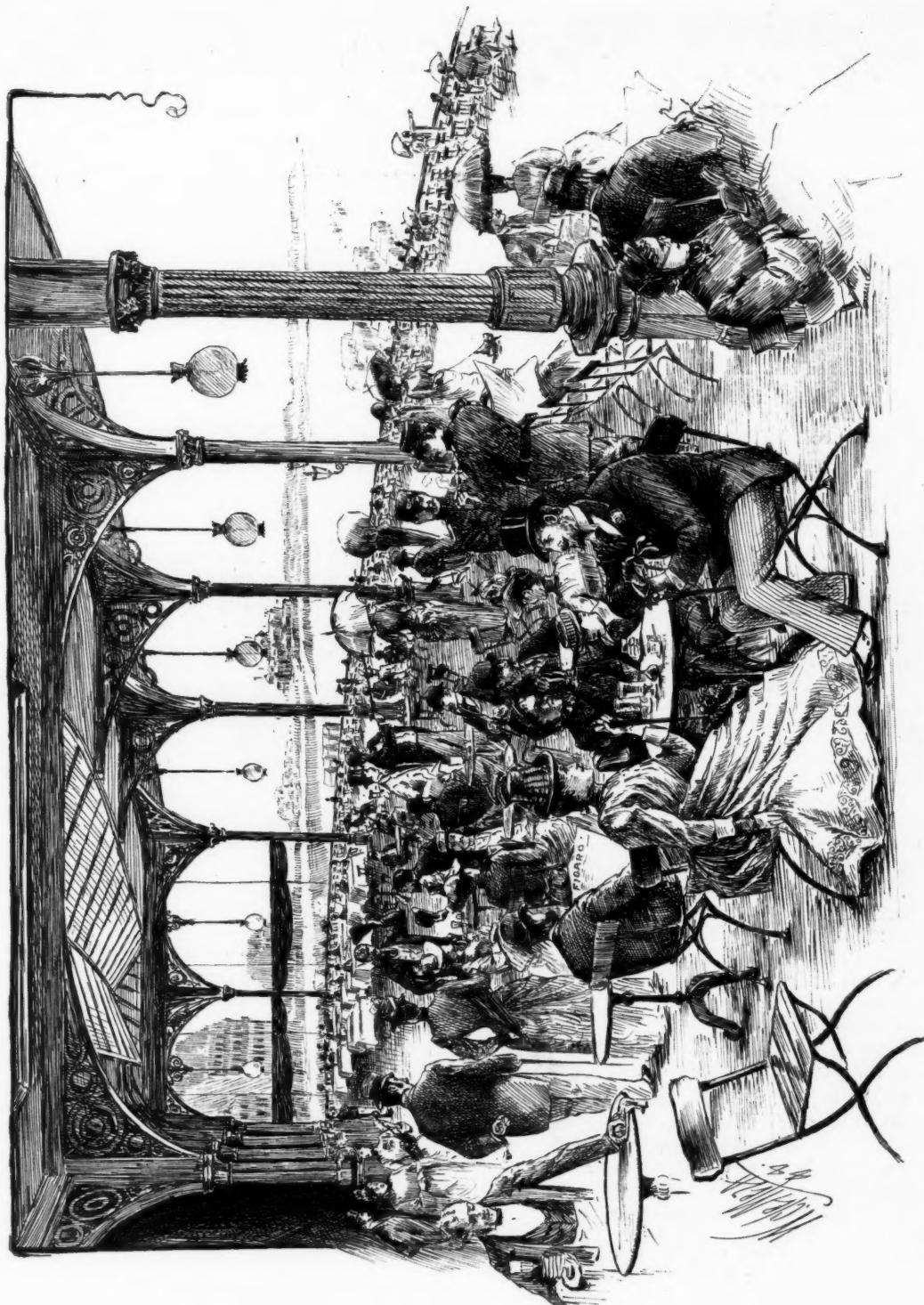
* * * * *
STRANGER: I have here a can of dynamite which I wish to ship to Von Firemouth, in Chicago.

R.R. AGENT: Can't take it. We don't want any dealings with you bloodthirsty enemies of the human race.

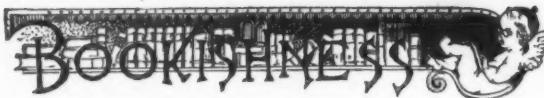
STRANGER: Well, on second thoughts, I guess I'll walk there with it. I don't want to trust it to your pauper Italian switchmen, boy brakemen, wooden bridges, and rusty rails. It might go off and hurt somebody—just as your trains do.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged,	6,042.83
J. S. (acknowledged last week)	15.00
Woodley B. Smith,	
Norwood B. Smith,	
Elliott M. Smith,	11.25
	\$6,069.08



FINANCE VERSUS ART.
SWEETZER HAS GONE ABROAD TO STUDY PAINTING. HIS PAINTINGS DO NOT CREATE MUCH ENTHUSIASM, BUT HE IS DOING WELL. SOME OF HIS FRIENDS WHO ARE GOOD JUDGES OF ART TELL US SHE WILL PROBABLY MARRY HIM. \$30,000 A YEAR.



THE FIRESIDE CRITIC AND "A MAN STORY."

HERE is a certain personal quality in "The Story of a Country Town" which must give almost every one who reads it a kindly, perhaps sympathetic, feeling toward its author. You somehow get the impression that he is ingenuous, earnest, and has endured trying circumstances with a touch of stoicism, and that with it all he has kept a tender heart toward the weaknesses of his comrades. He is a very human fellow, and you want to give him your hand.

His second book, "The Mystery of the Locks," was received with much of this kindly feeling, though the critics (as is their wont when kind) became patronizing, assuming the air of elderly and judicious uncles. Most of them seemed entirely unconscious that there were streaks of imagination in this book of finer quality than anything in "The Story of a Country Town." Then Mr. Howe wrote "A Moonlight Boy," which disappointed even his best friends, though they found really admirable work in its opening chapters.

* * * *

HE has just tried fate again with "A Man Story" (Ticknor's). It blends diverse qualities, and when you have read the last page and think it over, you remember many pleasant and entertaining things. You are conscious, however, that you have been occasionally bored, and, all in all, are a little disappointed. This is, no doubt, mere "fireside criticism"—but most of us are content with it. We simply adjust a book to our feelings and predispositions, and praise or condemn it accordingly.

The Fireside Critic will, at any rate, have something to tell to the woman who sits at the other side of the hearth: "It's a jolly sad book, my dear, about a fellow who was over-cruel to one woman and over-kind to another, and made both confoundedly miserable," and then he will laugh immoderately, to the chagrin of the woman who was prepared to be sympathetic.

But he will make it all right by saying that he was not laughing over the two miserable women, but about that very delightful old veteran known as Number Two, who kept his clothes in knapsacks, and carried water to his room in canteens; who on rare occasions had great "Reunions" in his bare attic, when he put on a much-worn uniform, and sat down before a row of bottles for an imaginary talk with his comrades in the war. For days at a time would the revelry continue, and then, in the dead of night, he would creep out of the house, to return a half-hour later in a belated omnibus, which would drive up to the door with great clatter, and land the old man as though he had just returned from a long journey. Thus he fortified his self-respect.

* * * *

THIS will start the Fireside Critic to telling of *Mrs. Footit* and her son *Bud*; of *The Boomer*, whose imagination saw violin factories springing up to make famous a

prairie town; of *Joe Tack*, who wrote himself letters from his first wife in order to make the second feel how kind to her he was; and of the fictitious *Old Barnaby*, who was cruel to his only love.

But the wife of the Fireside Critic will finally ask for something about the chief characters in the sad story. "Ah, my dear!" he will say, "the best characters in the book are those who have least to do with the story. I tire of *Uncle Tom* as soon as I discover that he is playing the star part. I don't care much for his double identity, or his terrible grief, or his great passion. When he becomes serious he is an incorrigible preacher—the kind of a man you would walk a block to escape. He is outside of my sympathy. I confess I like a woman like *Mrs. Tom*, who is a trusty, affectionate little goose."

At this point the Fireside Critic is suddenly conscious that he has made a serious blunder.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS

CHATTERBOX. 1888. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Mapleson Memoirs. 1848-1888. Volumes I. and II. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Dramatic Year. By William Archer. Edited by Edward Fuller. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

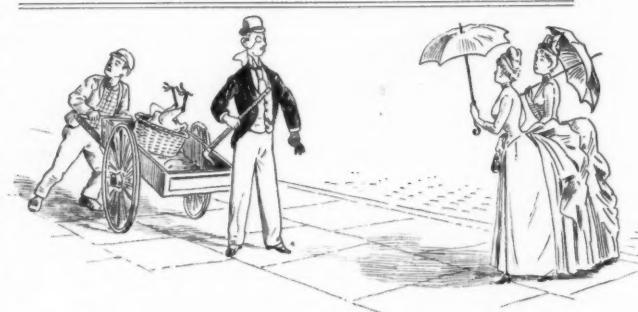
Young Maids and Old. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Rogue. By W. E. Norris. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Stuff and Nonsense. By A. B. Frost. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Great Grandmother's Girls in New Mexico. 1670-1680. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Zigzag Journeys in the Antipodes. Illustrated. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.



"BY JOVE! THOSE JACKSON GIRLS WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME."



THEY WERE.

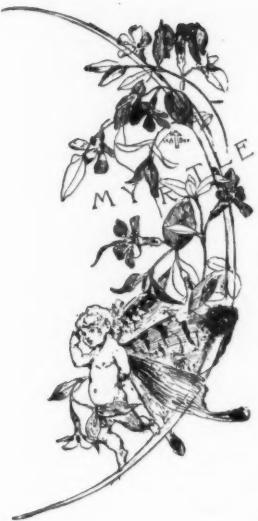
CUPID, YE SAGE.

TO Cupid, ye Archer, a wan Lover
prayed
(Sing hey, ye daynty God of Love !)
To teach Him ye Waye to Wynne a
Mayde.
(Sing hey, ye Gracious God of Love !)
" Out with costlie Apparel shall I myselfe
decke,
(Sing hey, O naked God of Love !)
Or in deeds of Armes shall I riske my
Necke ?
(Sing hey, O doughtie God of Love !)
May I wynne her with scriblynges of
Poetry amorous ?
Shall I woo Her with playnges of Sere-
nades clamorous ?
By Fastynge prolonged shall I make me
Pale,
And tell Her that Love is ye Cause of
my Ail ?
Answer me, answer me, Cupid, dear ;
Ye Prayers of a fayntyng Adorer Hear !"

But Cupid taught Him ye Waye to wynne
(Sing hey, ye knowyng God of Love !)
Was to heap up a great big Pyle of Tynne.
(Sing hey, ye cunnyng God of Love !)

And ye wan Lover's Hearte withyn Him sank,
(Sing hey, ye cruelle God of Love !)
For he had not a goodlie Accounte at ye Banke.
(Sing hey, ye truthfulle God of Love !)

E. B.



THE RULING PASSION.

Religious Comforter: WELL, MY GOOD MAN, ARE YOU HAPPY
NOW IN YOUR BELIEF ?

Hospital Patient (on the last run): CERTINLY; FOR I BELIEVE
DE NEW YORKS WILL WIN DE PENNANT FOR DIS YEAR !



REMEMBRANCES.

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal): I REMEMBER,
ALGERNON, SO WELL WHEN YOU PROPOSED TO ME, HOW PAIN-
FULLY EMBARRASSED YOU WERE.

Algernon: YES, DEAR; AND I REMEMBER SO WELL HOW KIND
AND ENCOURAGING YOU WERE, AND HOW VERY EASY YOU MADE
IT FOR ME, AFTER ALL.

A UNION TICKET.

" I T'S a very unlucky thing," said Baboony, " that I'll
not be of age in time to vote, at this election. I'd
like to show the country that there's one man in it that's
above the slavery of party chains."

" H'm ! You'd vote for yourself, I suppose," observed
Wiggins.

" No, sir; my ticket would be one that would unite the
whole country—I'd vote for Cleveland and Harrison !"

NOW is the time when the baker raises his voice against
the unholly speculators of Chicago as he charges two
cents more for the loaf whose cost's increased half a cent.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS, as the Vassar gradu-
ates remarked on meeting a friend at the entrance to
the " Ladies' Hair Dresser."

• LFE



AND NO BLAME

THE GODDESS: CONSIDERING THE QUALITY OF THE CITIZENS THIS COUNTRY IMPORT

• LFE •



O BLINE TO HER!

TRY IMPORTING, I THINK I AM NOT THE SORT OF LIBERTY THAT IS WANTED HERE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

N the spring the Leaves come out
And the little Poetlets sprout;
Everywhere they may be seen,
Each as Fresh as each is Green.
Both hang on through scorch and scoff
Till the fall, when both "come off,"
With this difference, be it said,
That the leaves at least are Red.

MRS. MOLONEY (*to postal clerk*): How much will it cost to send that newspaper?
POSTAL CLERK: One cent, madam, second class.
MRS. MOLONEY: Well, then give me a two-cent stamp, and I'll send it first class.



THE YEOMEN.

HOW SHALL WE JUDGE "THE YEOMEN?"

TAKing "Pinafore," "The Pirates," "Patience," and "The Mikado" as standards, the new opera of Gilbert and Sullivan is certainly a failure, and for obvious reasons.

In the first place, it defies the whistler.

In the second place, it is not hand-organable.

THE organ-grinder who should select his *repertoire* from "The Yeomen" would starve, and the light-hearted monkey who revels in the "Skidmore Guards" and the "Boulanger March" would be driven to suicide.

No servant-lady would cheer the artist with smiles appreciative of his melodious efforts, and no coppers would jingle in the monkey's cup.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music in this



piece does not appeal to the multitude, but appreciation of its beauties will by no means be confined to the few.

Bits of melody, not pronounced enough to be very catching, are scattered through the opera. It is the orchestration, however, and the perfection of the concerted music, which will make "The Yeomen" rank among the first of Sullivan's operas in the estimation of musicians.

A greater popular success might be scored by "The Yeomen" if Mr. Gilbert's libretto were more in the vein of his former work.

As it is, there is scarcely a laugh in the piece. The humor is more philosophic than striking. There is little in it to provoke laughter, and more to demand thought.

The subject and setting are too sombre to inspire much in the way of rollicking fun, and the epoch of the piece does not allow any of the humorous satire found in some of Gilbert's work.

The Casino management has not given the opera either the stage-setting or the cast so important a production deserves. The costuming, however, is excellently done, and the cast will doubtless be strengthened as soon as the drawing powers of the piece are tested.

The first impression of "The Yeomen" may be disappointing, but it is a production which will grow in favor as the public becomes better acquainted with its beauties.

One hearing is not enough—it should be listened to twice at least before final judgment is passed.

Metcalf.

* * * *

WHEN Mr. Van der Stücken and his able orchestra give a concert, LIFE settles back in his seat and prepares to enjoy himself. Haydn's beautiful symphony in D major, particularly in these days of motifs, mystery and metaphysics, is very refreshing. Melody and "Papa Haydn" have taken a back seat of late, and we feel grateful to Mr. Van der Stücken for bringing to the front these delightful symphonies. They are full of a cheerful, healthy sentiment. Mr. Van der Stücken has opened his season well, and we wish him every success.

PERHAPS medicine taken internally is more efficacious than that applied outwardly, because it has the inside track.

THE TRUMP CARD OF DEMOCRACY—The Wool Card.



Husband (on the way to the depot for a brief trip): REMEMBER, MY DEAR, THAT ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

Wife: AH, YES, JOHN; AND IF YOU KNEW HOW FONDLY I THINK OF YOU WHEN YOU ARE ABSENT FROM HOME, I'M SURE YOU'D GO AWAY MUCH OFTENER.

THE DEADLY GREEN APPLE.



"WELL, HERE I AM IN A FIX! WONDER IF I COULDN'T COAX THE BRUTE WITH A FEW APPLES. HERE, BULLY! BULLY!"

KING HENRY AND HIS MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

A TRAGEDY.

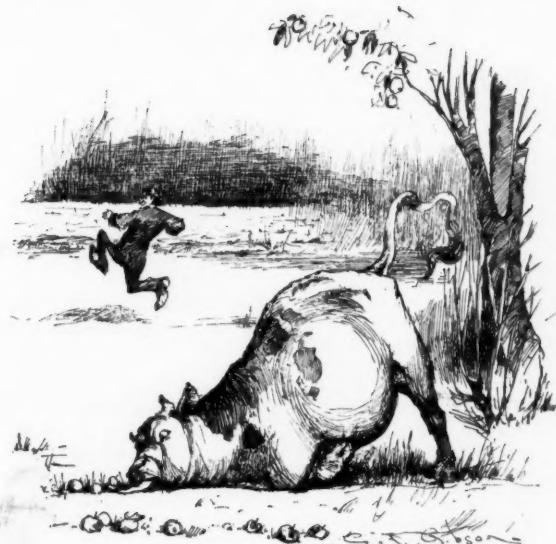
BY A TALLOW CHANDLER.

N.B.—RECENT RESEARCHES INTO THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII. DISCLOSE A VERY SINGULAR FACT. AT THE TIME OF HENRY'S MARRIAGE TO HIS SIXTH WIFE, CATHERINE PARR, NO LESS THAN FOUR OF HIS FORMER MOTHERS-IN-LAW WERE PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED BENEATH THE ROYAL ROOF! THE COMPLICATIONS ARISING FROM THIS MOST UNPRECEDENTED STATE OF AFFAIRS HAVE SUGGESTED THEMSELVES AS EMINENTLY DRAMATIC.

Act I. Scene 1.

(A breakfast room in the palace. Enter Henry and Catherine.)

HENRY: Come, love, and pledge me in a cup of mead.
 CATH.: Thanks, many thanks!
 HENRY: Thou drinkest not. Ha, ha!
 And yet thou sayest thou art a loving wife!
 CATH.: I like not mead, sire.
 HENRY: What, thou likkest not mead,
 Yet knowest it is thy husband's fav'rite drink?
 Thou'l hoodwink me no longer! Traitors, go!
 Thou likkest not mead, nor me, 'tis plain enough.
 CATH.: Thou knowest that I love thee.
 HENRY (offering cup): Then drink this,
 Great gods! She shudders! She makes faces! Fiends!
 Come hurl her to perdition in a trice!
 She calls this *loving*! 'Tis a damning lie!
 A liar she, and I a cursed fool!
 CATH.: Unsay those cruel words. See! I have drained
 A brimming beaker. Wilt thou love me now?
 HENRY: I will! I will! Now I must leave thee, sweet,
 For the chase calls me. Prompt, at two P.M.,



Five minutes later:
 THE APPLE IS MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

Expect me home to dinner. What doest thou
 While I am absent?

Swiftly I will go

And make a venison pasty, all for thee!

Sweet wife! My angel!

Fare thee well, my liege!

Be here at two, and gladden Catherine's heart.

(Exit Cath. Enter Mother-in-Law No. 1.)

1ST M.-IN-L.: Henry, a word with thee.

Too many words

Have ever passed between us. Get thee gone!

1ST M.-IN-L.: Nay, hear me first. This morn I saw thy wife
 Conversing earnestly with—

Hag, thou liest!

1ST M.-IN-L.: 'Tis true, dear son-in-law. I saw her—

HENRY: Tell thy foul tale more quickly, or I'll choke thee

1ST M.-IN-L.: The Queen was talking with—

Great powers!

1ST M.-IN-L.: And what said she? Oh, Furies! Let me hear.

The cook!

HENRY: And what said she? Oh, Furies! Let me hear.

(Enter second Mother-in-Law.)

2D M.-IN-L.: I'll tell thee, Henry; I was nigh the pair.

She bade him put more pepper in the soup.

HENRY: This is too much! It was but yestere'en

I found the broth too peppery for my liking,

And told her so. What means the jade? I know!

The Bishop's fond of pepper!

So he is!

2D M.-IN-L.: And he dines here to-day! Alas, poor Henry!

(Enter third Mother-in-Law, eagerly.)

3D M.-IN-L.: Henry, I cannot see thee thus deceived!

HENRY: Deceived? Who? Why? How? What? By whom?

Damnation!

Speak, woman. Nay, be silent! Speak, I tell thee!

3D M.-IN-L.: The Queen—

HENRY : What of her ?
 3d M.-IN-L. : She goes oft—too often—
 To see her habit-maker in the Strand.
 'Tis true, she makes pretense of fitting gowns,
 But—

HENRY : Death and furies ! I can see it all !
 His hands about her ! Then her arm, her neck
 Girt with his measuring-tape ! The caiff's breath
 Warm on her cheek, perchance ! King Henry's queen
 Thus to be fingered ! Ha ! His life is forfeit !
 What, ho, without there, guards !
 (Enter Soldier.)

SOLDIER : Your Majesty !
 HENRY : Send twenty men—go quickly—let them hang
 The cursed habit-maker in the Strand
 Within the hour ! Knave, hasten !

SOLDIER : But—but, Sire,
 There are two habit-makers. Which—

HENRY : Hang both !
 Two ! Would there had been twenty, so my thirst
 For gore might be not quenched, but slightly slaked !

SOLDIER : I go, Sire, but I fear—the Queen—

HENRY : Ah, villain,
 The Queen has bought thee ! Hell and furies, die !
 Take that, and that (stabs him), and that !

SOLDIER : Oh, spare me ! (Dies.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW (in concert) : Murder !

HENRY : Peace, hags ! Why, here is blood—good, ruddy blood !
 I'll see if yours is redder.

(He advances, and they fly shrieking from the apartment. Enter Catherine.)

CATH. : Thou didst not join the chase, Sire; art thou ill ?
 HENRY : Forbear thy blandishments ! I have heard all ;
 And ere the sun shall set thy habit-maker
 Shall hang as high as Haman !

CATH. : Is this true ?
 HENRY : As true as thou art false !

CATH. : Then hear me, Henry.
 I have forgiven much, but this last outrage
 Turns all my love to hate ! My habit-maker ?
 And, oh, he fitted so divinely ! Go !
 Thou art a fiend ! My soul is full of sadness—
 The shadows of misfitted gowns oppress me !

HENRY : Catherine, forgive me !

CATH. : Never !—nevermore.

HENRY : Forgive, and I will save him even yet.

CATH. : Well, if thou canst—
 (Enter fourth Mother-in-Law.)

4TH M.-IN-L. : Too late ! too late ! He's hanged !
 I'm glad for thy sake, minx, that he no more
 Can give to thee such tourneur and such style !

HENRY : Black-hearted wretch, I'll kill thee ! (He stabs her.)

4TH M.-IN-L. (faintly) : Never mind ;
 Thou hast hung both, and Catherine won't forgive !
 (Dies.)

CATH. : 'Tis true ; I hate and loathe thee.

HENRY (rushing towards her) : Then die, too !
 By all the powers of hell, I'll make an end
 Of every soul within these palace walls !
 (Enter the other three Mothers-in-Law.)

Here's prey just to my liking. Gore, more gore !
 (Stabs all three.)

Come, all ye devils, to this carnival !
 Quick, quick ! I reel—I stagger ! I am choked !
 I'm mad—stark, staring mad ! Ha ! Give me blood.
 Hell, furies, flames and curses ! Let me die ! (Falls.)

CURTAIN.



A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

Clarence : Aw, bvjove ! Cholly, where did y' get such—
 Aw—bweastly cur ?

Cholly : Bawght him of—aw—blind fellah—leads me wight
 home, and I—aw—don't have the dweadful wesponsibility of
 wemembering where I live, y' know.

LITTLENECKS are in great demand. Don't be a clam !



CONSIDERING.

COVINGTON : I imagine, Miss Gotham, that your friend from Boston, of whom you so often speak, is very beautiful, is she not ?

MISS GOTHAM : Well—er—Penelope is a very pleasing person, Mr. Murray, but she is from Boston, you know.

FOR ECONOMY.

HOSTESS (of swell Thompson Street soirée, to guest) : Don' yo' darnc, Mista' Ba'sgrease ?

MR. BEARSGREASE : Well, to tell de truf ob dis matter, I yused to darnc a great deal, but mo' recently ob late, I only darnc in de berry coldest weather ter keep me wa'm.



NO DOUBT.

She was a pretty salesgirl,
He asked her for a kiss;
For he was the accepted
Of this fair and blushing miss.
She gave him one, and as she drew
Her rosy lips away—
"Is there?" asked she, in trembling tones,
"Anything else to-day?"
—*Springfield Republican.*

MISTER O'ROONEY (*entering hardware store*) : The boss sint me down aither a pane av glass, tin be foorteen.

WAGGISH CLERK : Well, Pat, I don't think I can give you a ten-by-fourteen, but I can let you have a fourteen-by-ten, if you think you can make that do."

PAT (*struck with a bright idea*) : Be hivvens! jist gimme wan av them, an' Oi'll jist turn th' sideways av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself ud ever know th' difference.—*Toronto Grip.*

THIN PARTY (*who is cramped up*) : These cars ought to charge by weight.

STOUT PARTY : If they did they wouldn't stop to pick you up.—*Texas Siftings.*

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AN irate woman entered a dry-goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks: "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me one dollar, Saturday night, for that table spread, and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for sixty cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?"

"You mistook me, madam," responded the ready clerk. "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to sixty cents Monday morning."—*Philadelphia Call.*

REPORTER : I've just got a lovely theatrical scandal, full of the most spicy details.

EDITOR : Good! Run it in leaded and head it Too Sickening for Publication, and tell 'em to run off twenty thousand extras.—*Texas Siftings.*

"YES," said Deacon Gray, "I should like a little amusement now and then, but my principles are against witnessing or participating in any of the amusements of the present day. There's too much levity in 'em. If there were some kind of amusement now in which there was some solemnity, something grave and sedate like, I might stretch my conscience so far as to be a looker on for a while. It would do me good."

"Why," said Deacon Black, "I can put you on to that."

"Yes."

"Certainly. Come out to the cricket match with me this afternoon."—*Boston Courier.*

DUDE : Can you—ah—sell me—ah—a blue cravat to match my eyes—ah?

SALESMAN : I don't think—ah—that I can; but I can sell you a very soft hat to match your very soft head—ah!—*Texas Siftings.*



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SHE: What a grand thing it must be to be a citizen of a free country! How I wish I were a man, so I could take up the paper and see it full of appeals for my vote! Do you not enjoy it?

HE: I? Why, no; I never see any appeals for my vote.

SHE: You don't?

HE: No, indeed. I am neither an Irishman nor a workingman. I am only an American. It's depressing.—*Time*.

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